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THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE JAMES WOOD, ESQ.,

THE WEALTHY BANKER, OF GLOUCESTER.

PLACES of abode of remarkable persons, have at all times been objects of much interest; for they give evidence of the character of the occupants; showing their taste, their eccentricities, meanness, or prodigality. And certainly among the numerous Remarkables of late years, no residence has gained more notoriety than the abode of the late James Wood, Esq., of Gloucester; the application of whose property has recently given the gentlemen of the long robe so much employment: with that we have nothing to do; all that falls within our province, is to present a faithful view of the "Gloucester City Old Bank," the house wherein the celebrated "Jemmy Wood," amassed such immense wealth; and of whose peculiarities the public have become acquainted, by the numerous curious traditions that have issued from the press; we have, therefore, little left to per-

form, than to state, that Mr. Wood was born in the city of Gloucester, on the 7th of October, 1756: he descended from the ancient and highly respectable family of the Woods of Brockthorp Court, in the county of Gloucester, who at all times distinguished themselves for their loyalty. Certain it also is, that the family have, to the death of the subject of this memoir, been eminent for their high respectability and wealth.

The "Gloucester City Old Bank" was founded by James Wood, Esq., grandfather of its late proprietor, in the year 1716, and was the most ancient private bank in England, with the exception of Messrs. Childs', of Fleet-street, London.

Mr. Wood died at his above residence, April 20, 1836, in the 80th year of his age.

A DAUGHTER'S GIFT TO HER FATHER,
ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

WRITTEN BY ANDREW PARK,

*Author of "The Bridegroom and the Bride,"—"Vision
of Mankind," &c. &c. &c.*

(For the Mirror.)

Respectfully Dedicated to Mrs. Thomas Littlewood.

SHE loved her father, and look'd up to him,
Even as the flower looks up in loveliness
To him who reared it in the cultured bower :—
Who water'd its young germ, and idly sighed,
When the loud blast, unmindful of its bloom,
Blew all unkindly on its fragile form,
So did she love her father ; for she knew
He was the guardian of her infant years ;
And thus again, like the fair flower pourtray'd,
Gave beauty for his kindness !

Not alone
That outward beauty, which all flowers disclose,
While opening first the freshness of their hues,
To smile with rapture in the radiant sun,
And with external loveliness entice
The passing throng to linger and admire !—
But that sweet love, which look'd minutely on,
But smiles the more intrinsically sweet,
Diffusing innate worth with bashfulness,
Like the chaste rose-bud in the dew-bright morn !

She heard her father of his birth-day speak,
While in kind converse with a faithful friend ;
Heard him, in joyful sadness, too, relate
His boyish feuds ; his playfulness and mirth,
And, at each pause, remember some one lost
In the dark shadows of an early grave !
Whose buoyant spirit added joy and life
To every ramble o'er the verdant lawn ;
Who also roused him in the balmy morn,
When shade and sunshine fall like bliss around ;
Thus fond recalling, from oblivion's womb,
The long-lost gems that sleep unnoticed there ;
Musing with retrospection on the past,—
When youth walk'd like a sunbeam among flowers !

'Twas thus she watch'd him, though he knew it not,
With an inquiring glance that deeply scans
The latent language of the loving breast ;
Learning that he who laugh'd at boyish sports,—
At all the sinless mischiefs of that age,
Had not forgot, for he was himself a child,
And, therefore, could forgive her little faults,
And smile on them, as now upon his own !

She form'd a wish, a secret of her own !
The life of which lay in concealing it !
And, as the youthful bosom soon expands,—
The warm idea, as it sprung to birth,
Was almost too puissant for her soul,—
So wing'd it was with gladness and with love !
Yet, did she struggle with its eager wings,
Until she bound each golden pinion down !

Slow wander'd aged Time with feeble step,
As though, grown weary of his ancient reign—
He ne'er would bring the happy birth-day round !
Meantime the tiny purse was valued o'er
Day after day, and as the sum increased,
So also magnified the glowing wish,
To make the offering greater, and when night
With soothing fingers closed her starry eyes,
Bright visions filled the palace of her mind,
Too pure, too fleet, too exquisite to leave
A meteor-memory of their passive bliss,
All blazing forth the gift of gratitude—
Sweet gratitude ! The noblest love the soul
Can give for its salvation !

Now each day
Her gentle thoughts dwell on the great result,
And as she walk'd abroad inquiringly,
Too many objects met her longing look,
Above her measured means !

At last she fixed,—
Fix'd at the extent of all her treasure, too,—
Purchased the gift, conceal'd it carefully,
And when the birth-day of her father came,

Rush'd to him, with the ardour of a child,
And placed the priceless present in his hands.
'Twas not the intrinsic value of the gift,
That made it princely, precious and esteem'd !
But the endear'd affection of his child,
Which trill'd the silver strings around the heart !—
Then roll'd a tear of gladness from his eye,
Which wash'd away each care she e'er incur'd !

THE TWENTIETH ODE OF ANACREON.

"As Μουσai τον Ερωτα."

(For the Mirror.)

ONCE the Muses caught a rover,
Love—that universal lover,
With garlands bound, a prisoner made,
To Beauty's care their prize conveyed ;
Then Venus came, suffused in tears,
The goddess all o'ercome appears,
With offerings sweet to ransom Love ;
But lo ! the urchin will not move.
Teach me, he cries, to serve and live,
Obedient to the laws you give ;
But not from Beauty will I part,
For any ransom of the heart.

Oera.

THE HAREBELL.

(For the Mirror.)

BEARDE the church-yard's grassy tomb,
Waving aloft in summer air ;
A little azure bow's there blooms,
To me most fair.

It watches fondly o'er the dead
Who calmly sleep in peace below,
And gracefully it bends its head,
In morning's glow.

It is the Harebell : and I pray,
That its blue flowers may o'er me wave,
When parted from this life—I lay
Within my grave.

HENRY RAYMOND.

THE PILGRIM CHILD.*

A STRANGER child, one winter eve,
Knocked at a cottage maiden's door ;
"A pilgrim at your hearth receive—
Hark ! how the mountain-torrents roar !"
But ere the latch was raised, "Forbear !"
Cried the pale parent from above ;
"The pilgrim child, that's weeping there,
Is Love !"

The spring-tide came, and once again,
With garlands crown'd, a laughing child
Knock'd at the maiden's casement pane,
And whispered "Let me in," and smiled.
The casement soon was opened wide—
The stars shone bright the bower above ;
And lo ! the maiden's couch beside
Stood Love !

And smiles, and sighs, and kisses sweet,
Beguiled brief Summer's careless hours ;
And Autumn, Labour's sons to greet,
Came forth, with corn, and fruit, and flowers,
But why grew pale her cheek with grief ?
Why watched she the bright stars above ?
Some one had stole her heart—the thief
Was Love !

And Winter came, and hopes, and fears,
Alternate swell'd her virgin breast ;
But none were there to dry her tears,
Or hush her anxious cares to rest.
And often as she oped the door,
Roared the wild torrent from above ;
But never to her cottage more
Came Love !

* From *Minstrel Melodies*. Longman & Co.

PHENOMENA OF NATURE.

THEORIES OF THE EARTH'S SUBSTANCE.

THE opinions of the ancients regarding the form and substance of the earth, were various; and, as might be naturally expected, in their ignorance and excited imagination, many of their hypotheses were of a wild and fanciful description. The Eastern philosophers, and those of Greece, were fond of speculating as to the primary qualities and ultimate agglomeration of the elementary atoms or particles of which the globe is composed. Some of our modern philosophers have been equally erratic in their conceptions of it. By some this material ball is considered to be a solid, dull, inert mass, surrounded by a luminous atmosphere; by others it is conceived to be a hollow sphere, filled with light, pure and ethereal; while a third class suppose it to be a cooling star, still molten at the centre. This last is the theory of M. Cordier, a celebrated French Scavau; and not a few, particularly in France, have adopted his views on the subject. Kepler at one time entertained the extravagant idea that the earth is a living animal, and that the ebbing and flowing of the sea are merely the effect of its respiration!

So conflicting and curious, indeed, are the theories respecting the substance of which the earth is composed, that Dr. Buckland was induced to quote some of them in his *Bridge-water Treatise*; and we may extract the following four as the least whimsical of the series:—

"The earth," says Burnet, "was first invested with a uniform light crust, which covered the abyss of the sea, and which being broken up for the production of the deluge, formed the mountains by its fragments."—*Theoria Sacra*.

"The earth is an extinguished sun, a vitrified globe, on which the vapours falling down again, after it had cooled, formed seas, which afterwards deposited the limestone formation."—*Leibnitz Protogæ*.

"The earth was a fragment of the sun, struck off red-hot by the blow of a comet, together with all the other planets, which were also red-hot fragments. The age of the world, then, can be calculated from the number of years which it would take to cool so large a mass from a red-hot, down to its present temperature. But it is of course growing colder every year, and, as well as the other planets, must finally be a globe of ice."—*Buffon Theorie*.

"All things were originally fluid. The waters gave birth to microscopic insects; the insects, in the course of ages, magnified themselves into the larger animals; the animals, in the course of ages, converted another portion into clay! These two substances, in the course of ages, converted themselves into silex, and thus the silicious mountains are the

oldest of all. All the solid parts of the earth, therefore, owe their existence to life, and without life the globe would still be entirely liquid."—*Lamark*. This, too, is the favourite mode among the German philosophers, of accounting for the formation and filling of the world.

As to the form of the earth, there can be now very little difference of opinion. Its true figure is that of an oblate spheroid—that is, a body approaching to the form of a sphere, or globe, but not exactly round. This has been long since satisfactorily ascertained, and is now universally recognised.

The discovery of a high temperature in the interior of the earth no doubt suggested the idea that the ground on which we tread is but the crust of a cooling star; and many circumstances tend to give countenance to the theory; particularly the existence of thermal springs, the eruptions of volcanos, and the occurrence of earthquakes.

Thermal, or warm-water springs, are found in almost every latitude. They abound on the continent of Europe; they occur also in Asia, Africa, and North and South America; but the most remarkable of these phenomena are the boiling fountains of Iceland. Thermal waters are very various in their composition; in the greater part saline substances predominate; some are gaseous, others ferugineous, others sulphureous, and a few have, on analysis, been discovered to be highly impregnated with iodine. They are also very different in their temperatures; varying from a few degrees above the surrounding atmosphere to the boiling point. Their distinctive composition is acquired from the particular substances through which they have percolated, or over which they have passed in their descent through the mineral strata of the earth; minute particles of which they hold in solution. The cause of their increased temperature has long been a contested point in physical science. Many intelligent natural philosophers ascribe it to beds of limestone over which the waters had run, others, and amongst the rest, the ingenious Borden, to the agency of subterranean fire.

Undoubtedly, the theory which attributes the increase of temperature to subterranean fire, is the most philosophical of all the theories that have been broached on this point; and the recent experiments of Daubuisson and Cordier, for ascertaining the temperature of mines of various depths, having proved that the farther we descend into the interior of the earth the higher is the temperature; and that the water, which has filtered to these depths, is uniformly found to be of a like increased heat, would seem to corroborate this theory.

Volcanos, with a few exceptions, are found to take place in those mountainous groups which are situated in the neigh-

bourhood of seas, or extensive sheets of salt water. Volcanic mountains, standing in the interior of the European continent, at a distance from the influence of the present ocean or lakes, such as those scattered over the central regions of France, Silesia, Bohemia, Hungary, and Transylvania, have long been in a state of inactivity; but taking into calculation the changes which may have been effected upon the surface of the earth since the period at which they were in action, it is probable that they were then either within a short distance of the sea, or in the vicinity of lakes or other masses of water. From the striking similarity which subsists between the lavas and substances ejected from the craters of volcanos, and the rocks of the primitive and transition series, it is conjectured that the focus of volcanic action must be at a great depth below the surface, and near to, if not at, the nucleus of the globe. It is certain, that if these ejected materials were situated near the surface, the enormous quantities which have been discharged would, long ere this time, have levelled the mountain with the plain. But the volcanic products of Vesuvius, altogether, far exceed the magnitude of the mountain; and several of the *Coulées* of Mount Etna measure four miles in breadth by sixteen in length, and one is from fifty to a hundred feet in thickness; and yet these mountains have suffered no visible diminution. The earlier writers on geology suppose the mighty cause of these powerful and wonderful effects to be the spontaneous ignition of beds of coal, sulphur, and other inflammable substances, which are found among the secondary or superficial strata. This, however, is a cause which is utterly inadequate to produce effects so great and extraordinary, and can in no way account for the concomitant awfully disastrous phenomena of earthquakes.

Dr. Charles Daubeny, of Oxford, and Sir Humphrey Davy, were of opinion, that the volcanic heat depends upon the oxydation of the metals of the earth on an extensive scale, in immense subterranean cavities, to which water or atmospheric air may gain access; but the latter candidly acknowledged that the hypothesis, of the nucleus of the globe being composed of matter liquified by heat, offers a far more simple solution of volcanic phenomena. This, as we have stated, is the theory of M. Cordier; who, having devoted much time and attention to the investigation of the rival theories, concerning the aqueous and igneous original fluidity of the earth, is considered to have made, after numerous experiments in deep mines, the discovery of the fact, of the existence of a subterranean heat peculiar to the terrestrial globe, and which has belonged to it since the beginning, totally independent of the solar rays, and increasing rapidly with the depth.

M. Cordier embodied his opinions and

demonstrations in a treatise, which was read, for the first time, before the Royal Society of Sciences at Paris, in the year 1827, when it excited great interest, and was received with unusual applause; but although his hypothesis has been approved by several able philosophers and men of science, it has not yet been received as the only authentic theory of the earth. In the valuable and highly illustrating *Treatise on Climate*, which was contributed by the late Sir John Leslie, of Edinburgh, to the *Supplement of the Encyclopædia Britannica*, there occurs the following passage, with which, as it bears on the question in dispute, we shall conclude the present article:—

"If we dig into the ground," says Sir John Leslie, "we find the temperature to become gradually more steady, till we reach a depth of perhaps forty or fifty feet, below which it continues unchanged. When this perforation is made during winter, the ground gets sensibly warmer till the limit is attained; but in summer, on the contrary, it grows always colder, till it has reached the same limit. At a certain depth, therefore, under the surface, the temperature of the ground remains quite permanent. Nor is there any indication whatever of the supposed existence of a central fire, since the alleged increase of heat near the bottom of the profoundest excavations is merely accidental, being occasioned by the multitude of burning tapers consumed in conducting the operations of mining. Accordingly, while the air of those confined chambers feels often oppressively warm, the water which flows along the floors seems comparatively cold, or rather preserves the medium heat. It would be a hasty conclusion, however, to regard this limit of temperature as the natural and absolute heat of our globe. If we dig on the summit of a mountain, or any very elevated spot, we shall discover the ground to be considerably colder than in the plain below; or, if we make a similar perforation on the same level, but in a more southern latitude, we shall find greater warmth than before. The heat thus obtained, at some moderate depth, is, hence, only the mean result of all the various impressions which the surface of the earth receives from the sun and the atmosphere."

In the gardens of Chapultepec, near Mexico, (says a modern traveller,) is a magnificent cypress, called the cypress of Montezuma. It had attained its full growth when that monarch was on the throne, in 1520; yet it retains all the vigour of youthful vegetation: the trunk is forty-one feet in circumference. At Santa Maria de Tula, in Oaxaca, there is a cypress, the trunk of which is ninety-three feet in circumference; and yet does not show the slightest symptom of decay.

Anecdote Gallery.

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

(Translated from French Works.)

Henri IV.—As his majesty was one day hunting in the Vendomois, he lost sight of his retinue, and was about to return alone, when he saw a peasant seated under a tree; "Well, and what are you doing here, my good man?" said the king. "Faith, I am waiting to see the king go by, sir."—"Oh, is that all," replied Henri, "then get up behind me, and I will take you somewhere where you will be able to see the king at your ease." The poor mounted, and held himself on the horse, by twining his arms round the monarch. "But, I say, sir, how shall I be able to know the king from the others?"—"Very easily; he will be the only one who will not take his hat off." Presently they were discovered by the gentlemen of the suite, who all uncovered themselves, and paid their respects to the monarch. "Well, and who now is the king?" said Henri, mildly. "Why," replied the peasant, "it must be either you or I; for I don't see any but we two with our hats on."

At the time of the war with Spain, Henri thus wrote to Sully: "I am close upon the enemy, and yet I have not a horse worth mounting. My shirts are all gone to rags, and my doublets are out at elbows. For the last four or five days, I have dined here and there, for I have nothing wherewith to purchase food."

Gibbon.—This celebrated man's prodigious bulkiness was no hindrance to his gallantry. One day, as he sat enjoying a most comfortable tête-à-tête with Mad. de Cronzas, it suddenly occurred to him, that the opportunity was one of the most favourable he could ever meet with, to make a declaration. Acting accordingly, the historian threw himself on his knees before the lady, and expressed his feelings in most glowing language. Mad. de Cronzas, somewhat surprised, replied in such terms as were, she thought, calculated at once to put an end to a scene so ridiculous. But no, 'twas unavailing; and Gibbon remained on his knees, regardless of all injunctions. "Sir," said the baffled lady, "I beg you will rise."—"Alas! madam," replied the unwieldy suitor, "I cannot." His corpulency utterly prevented him from rising without assistance; Mad. de Cronzas, therefore, rang the bell, and upon its being answered, said, "Lift up Mr. Gibbon!"*

Voltaire.—The philosopher was exceedingly disagreeable at table. He seemed to be in a continual passion, and called out to the servants at the top of his voice, which

was so loud as to repeatedly startle his guests.—An Englishman, who was on his way to Italy, could in no wise prevail upon himself to pass Ferney without visiting him. He luckily chose a fortunate moment, and was received by the philosopher with every possible demonstration of respect and pleasure. This reception so highly delighted our Englishman, that in his exultation the next day, he declared his intention to spend six weeks at the castle. "You are not quite like Don Quixote," remarked Voltaire, "he mistook inns for castles, you mistake castles for inns."

Klopstock.—The celebrated author of the "Messiah" desired to be introduced to me, and came. I was alone with my niece, when in came a little, lame, ugly man; I rose, and conducted him to a chair, in which he sat at first as if absorbed in deep thought; he then thrust himself comfortably into it, and assumed the appearance of one who was determined to make a stay of no short duration. With a loud, high-pitched voice, he then suddenly put me the question, "Which, madam, in your opinion, is the best prose writer, Voltaire or Buffon?"

Scarron.—The wit thus addressed the king, in his preface to Don Japhet: "I will prove to your majesty, that far from doing yourself any injury by doing me more good, you will, on the contrary, much conduce to your happiness, likewise to that of the country at large. For then I should be a deal more light-hearted, and consequently write better plays. And if I wrote good plays, your majesty would be well entertained; so that, by being entertained, your majesty's money will not be wasted. By good plays, too, the people's admiration will be excited, and cause hosts of them to frequent the theatres; money will thus circulate, and there is no telling where the matter may not end."

Mezeray.—This celebrated old French historian was excessively susceptible of cold. A friend meeting him on a very frosty day, asked him how he fared in this weather. "I am come to L," answered Mezeray, running home as fast as his legs could well carry him, that he might enjoy the delights of his fire-side. This riddle was for a long time inexplicable; till at last it was one day solved by a friend, who lived on the most intimate terms with the eccentric historian. It appears that Mezeray had always a dozen pairs of stockings behind his chair, severally labelled from A to M. According to the number of degrees indicated by the thermometer, he put on a corresponding number of pairs of stockings; so that having this key to the enigma, it was evident that on the day above mentioned, the poor chilly Mezeray had come to the last degree.

* Colman the Younger wrote some humorous verses upon the above incident.

Louis XIV.—A robber, who had managed to effect his way into one of the royal apartments of Versailles, was in the act of placing a small ladder against the wall, to possess himself of a beautiful time-piece, when the king came in and disturbed his plans. The robber, however, undaunted, made a low bow, saying, "I was going to take that time-piece down, but I am afraid the ladder will slip." His majesty, thinking the man had orders to repair the clock, offered his assistance, and held the foot of the ladder, while the fellow took it down. A few hours afterwards the general talk was of a most beautiful time-piece having been stolen, which the king happening to overhear, said, "Hush! I am one of the parties, I held the ladder to help the man to get it."

Napoleon.—He was in the habit of playing with his son as childishly as if he himself were no more than a mere child six or seven years of age. Sometimes he would take the young king under the arms, and toss him up in the air, exciting his little majesty's delight to such a degree as to make him shed tears. Then he would carry him before a glass, making the most ridiculous grimaces imaginable; often, too, the poor little fellow would shed tears of actual pain, for the game became sometimes too rough; the emperor would then exclaim: "Oh! oh! a king crying! fie, fie! that is very ugly, very ugly!"

One day, when the prince was but a twelvemonth old, the emperor took off his sword, and fastened it on his son, completing the child's toilette by placing his three-cornered hat on its head; thus equipped, it may be supposed it found no little difficulty in keeping itself on its legs, and the care with which the emperor watched his every step, would have delighted any one to witness.

At breakfast, the emperor made it a practice to dip his finger in wine, and make his son suck it; sometimes he would dip his finger in sauce, and spot the young king's chin and nose with it: this amusement was among the most pleasing to the child.

H. M.

ORIGIN OF THE GRESHAM LECTURES.

THE following account of the origin of the Gresham Lectures, is extracted from the introductory lecture of Mr. Pulmer, who was appointed, in 1837, to the office of lecturer on Law, at this ancient foundation:—

Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of these lectures, was a merchant, who, with several others of the same name and kindred, belonged to the Mercer's Company; and his father and an uncle were successively Sheriffs and Lord Mayors of London. His father, Sir Richard Gresham, was foreign

agent to Henry VIII.; and Sir Thomas Gresham held that office under the three succeeding sovereigns, being received into especial favour by Queen Elizabeth, whom he chiefly served; and was often consulted by her, in political as well as commercial matters. By successful application to commerce, he amassed an ample fortune; and his family being well provided for, he resolved that his country should share his wealth. Having the benefit of a university education, which he received at Gonville Hall, in the University of Cambridge, and seeing no repugnance between the pursuits of enlightened commerce and the liberal arts, he determined to facilitate the obtaining of a similar benefit by the citizens of London, by establishing a college for the profession of the several sciences within the city.

On the news of his intentions reaching the University of Cambridge, who previously seem to have heard that Cambridge would be the seat of his bounty, a letter was written to him by the Vice-Chancellor and Senate, urging him to establish his college there. This letter, the original of which is written in elegant Latin; is dated March 25, 1575, and is addressed "To the most accomplished Sir Thomas Gresham, the best Mæcenas of good learning;" and, after various preliminary compliments, explains its objects in the following terms:—"A constant report, O most illustrious Gresham, has prevailed amongst us, that thou hast vowed to dedicate to the seven liberal sciences (as they are called) an excellent domicile, and one worthy of thyself, having promised the most illustrious wife of Cecil to erect a college for these arts, and to liberally endow it with most ample stipends. And we doubt not, indeed, but what thou hast sincerely promised thou wilt, with the utmost faith, perform; nor do we labour unnecessarily to spur thee on, who art already willing; we are only anxious to persuade thee to make Cambridge the seat of thy great bounty, of this excellent record, and most ample theatre for display of thy virtue. Nor would we prescribe the fashion of the building or the measure of the cost; let either of these rest with thy sovereign will and pleasure. One thing alone would we have of our choice: we would persuade thee to enrich the University of Cambridge with thy expenditure, rendering it famous by thy liberality, and blessed by thy work and bounty. In urging this alone, we would not so strongly, or so long contend, unless for the convenient fitness of the place, and for the wholesome state of the air, and usefully for the dignity of the state, and piously for the defence of religion, and fruitfully for the progress of virtue, and happily and fortunately for the advancement of learning, and splendidly as well as gloriously for thine own everlasting fame, thou mayest erect this college here,

rather than any other place. But, perhaps, of thy own accord thou mayst incline, or, not without show of reason, mayst be persuaded by others, to fix upon London, where thou wert born and bred; or upon Oxford, where the arts and sciences no less flourish, for the establishment of this most famous memorial of thy excellence and probity. Good indeed, and useful and magnificent will it be, wherever placed; but thou wilt not, we trust, establish it at London, to the detriment or almost ruin of either university; thou oughtest not to establish it at Oxford, for thou art ours, and a Cantabrigian, and every one must serve his own rather than a stranger university; and in any other place than these, thou neither wilt or ought to fix it, lest the fruit which thou desirest to be most ample, be lost to the state by the obscurity of the place; and thou thyself be dishonestly robbed of the praise and glory due to thy merit, and which is wont to attend upon actions rightly performed."

At the same time they wrote to Lady Burghley, the wife Lord Burghley, who was then their Chancellor, requesting her influence with Sir Thomas Gresham, for the same purpose, observing, that at her solicitation he had promised to found a college at London for the seven liberal sciences, and endow it with a rental exceeding six hundred pounds a year.

But all the rhetoric and compliments of the University of Cambridge could not divert Sir Thomas Gresham from his purpose of benefiting his fellow-citizens. After appropriating his own mansion in Bishopsgate Street to the uses of the intended college, he resolved to provide for its maintenance, as well as the salaries of the professors, from the rents of the Royal Exchange. According, by his will, which bears date the 5th of July, 1575, he gave the Royal Exchange, with all its shops and other buildings, on the determination of certain uses, which happened on the death of his widow, to the mayor and commonalty of the city of London; and to the wardens and commonalty of the mystery of mercers, in equal moieties, for fifty years, upon trust and confidence, and to the intent that they should perform the payments and other intents therein after limited. And he thereby declared that, so soon as the premises should come into their possession, and thenceforth, so long as by any title they should hold the same, the said mayor and commonalty of the city should yearly give, for the sustentation, maintenance, and finding of four persons from time to time, to be by them appointed, meet to read the lectures of divinity, astronomy, music, and geometry, within his own dwelling-house in St. Helen's, the sum of two hundred pounds, or fifty pounds to each, for their salaries and stipends, meet for four sufficiently learned to read the said lectures.

And as to the wardens and commonalty of mercers, he declared that, so soon as they should come into possession of the premises, and thenceforth so long as by any title they should hold the same, they should yearly pay for the finding, sustentation, and maintenance of three persons, by them to be chosen, meet to read the lectures of law, physic, and rhetoric, within the said dwelling-house, the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, or fifty pounds each, for their salaries and stipends, meet for three sufficiently learned; that they should yearly expend on four quarterly dinners, for the whole company, the sum of one hundred pounds, or twenty-five pounds on each dinner. He gave his dwelling-house or mansion in the parishes of St. Helen, Bishopsgate Street, and St. Peter-le-Poor, to the City and Mercer's Company in equal moieties, for fifty years, upon trust and confidence that they should observe and perform his will and intent thereafter expressed. And he thereby declared, that so soon as the premises should come into their possession, and thenceforth, so long as by any title they should hold the same, they should permit and suffer the seven persons to be appointed by them, meet and sufficiently learned to read the said lectures; to have the occupation of the said mansion-house, with all its gardens and other appurtenances, there to inhabit, study, and daily to read the said lectures; and further declaring, that no person being married should be chosen to read the said lectures; nor, after marrying, be suffered to read them, or to receive any fee or stipend for so doing. He also enjoined the said city and company, that before the fifty years were expired, they should obtain proper licences, to hold the premises in perpetuity, on the above trusts; using no delay, as they would answer for the same before Almighty God; for should they neglect to obtain such licences, which could not be so chargeable, but that the overplus of the rents, would soon recompense them; nor so difficult, because to such good purpose in the Commonwealth, no prince nor council in any age, would deny or defeat the same, then the premises would revert to his heirs, whereas he intended them for the common weal.

W. G. C.

(To be concluded in our next.) 246.

THE UTILITY OF PENITENCE.*

Quem ponitet, necesse pœne est innocens.—SENeca.

A REPENTANCE of our misdeeds is half-way towards an amendment of conduct, and greatly diminishes the cause which set in jeopardy our innocence. And to manifest a real sorrow for our errors, is the token of

* From the *Freemason's Quarterly Review*, No. 21. Sherwood and Co.

a broken and contrite spirit, declaratory of our desire to make some reparation for any injury inflicted, and reinstate our names among the ranks of the innocent.

Because, as in the case of effects resulting from sudden anger, the truly elevated mind, when roused by some provocation to infringe the rules of propriety, on returning to cool reflection, justly reprobates its own indiscreetness as severely as the sternest moral censor; and anxiously desires to offer every becoming concession that might ameliorate the displeasure of the aggrieved party. Thus displaying a disposition that exhibits an innocence of natural character on the part of him who has been seduced to offer an offence of a more trivial description; and a justice of character on the part of him, who having committed a more serious and grievous wrong, seals the sincerity of his penitence by an act of retribution.

Whereas, on the contrary, an unprincipled and ill-regulated mind will oftentimes rather endeavour to aggravate an injury or offence, by some fresh accession to a former fault or crime, than seek to redress the calamity it has occasioned, or restore the reputation it has lost or destroyed, by the confession of a penitent admission of guilt. This moral axiom distinguishes the utterly depraved from the accidental and unhardened offender.

A great mind, under circumstances of incitement or irritation, is like the expansive ocean, ruffled and swelled by a sudden tempest. When the storm has subsided, it again resumes its usual calmness and dignity of motion.

The little mind is like a dirty puddle, collecting every rain-drop of the paltry passions of a party, and always continues a nuisance on the highway of society, till the advancement of the sun of science and mental culture absorbs its insignificant contents, and men, rejoicing in the progress of useful knowledge and sound morals, just remember that *such things were*.

"Repentance of an evil done
Implies, we will that evil shun."

One of the most remarkable instances of the utility of penitence, is that recorded in the Sacred Volume of the disciple Peter. Although for the moment seduced to renounce his divine Master by impious oaths, yet, at the simple crowing of the cock, he was warned of his error, and, with tears, immediately repented. The sincerity of his repentance, foolish and profane as his previous action was, restored him to his divine Master's love and favour. Truly says the elegant Pliny in that trite apothegm—

"Nemo mortalium, omnibus horis sapit."

Biography.

SIR HERBERT TAYLOR, G. C. B. AND G. C. H.

THIS well-known gentleman entered the army at a very early period of his life; and was present at the sieges of Valenciennes and Dunkirk; also with the Duke of York during the whole of the campaign in Holland. In May, 1795, he was appointed secretary to the commander of the British forces on the continent; and continued in the situation of Private Secretary and Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of York until June, 1805, when he was appointed Private Secretary to his Majesty George III.; he received the rank of Colonel July 25, 1810. In March, 1812, he was nominated one of the trustees of the king's private property, and soon after (in consequence of the Regency,) Private Secretary to the Queen; the 4th of June, 1813, he obtained the rank of Major-General. In November, 1813, he was ordered on special service to Holland; and a few days after his return from the army under Sir T. Graham; in March, 1814, was sent on a military mission to the Crown Prince of Sweden, to Sir Thomas Graham, and to the Hague. In December, 1818, he was appointed Master of Katherine's Hospital, Regent's Park, a situation he held till his death, which happened at Rome, March 20th, 1839.

EDMUND LODGE, ESQ., K. H.

Clarenceux, King of Arms, F. S. A.

THIS eminent biographer was born in Poland-street, London, on the 13th of June, 1756. He became a cornet in the king's own regiment of dragoons, in 1772; having a pure taste for antiquities and literature, he left the army, and obtained the situation of Blue Mantle Pursuivant-at-Arms, 22d of February, 1782. He was promoted to be Lancaster Herald, on the 29th of October, 1793; Norroy, on the 11th of June, 1822; and Clarenceux, on the 30th of July, 1838.—Among his literary productions may be mentioned, "Illustrations of British History;"—"The Life of Sir Julius Caesar;"—"Memoirs of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain;" and many others of the greatest merit, learning, and research.

Mr. Lodge died at his house in Bloomsbury-square, January 16, 1839, in his eighty-third year.



YEW TREE AT HARDHAM, SUSSEX.

This beautiful specimen of an ancient English yew tree, stands in the church-yard of Hardham Church. Few trees of the kind have reached the gigantic dimensions this venerable relic has attained. Its trunk is capable of containing twenty-seven people—its girth is twenty-three feet, and supposing the trunk were yet solid, it would contain not less than five hundred cubic feet of wood. About eighteen years ago the top of this tree was unfortunately blown down, and it is to be feared that in a very few years scarcely anything of this wonder of the vegetable creation will remain, so old and worn is the wood. No doubt can exist as to its being more than two thousand years old. H. M.

SEPULCHRAL MONUMENTS IN PERSIA.

THE reverence for tombs, or memorials of the dead, is common throughout Persia. In the plains of Sahraï-Sirwân—are many white-washed obelisks of brick-work, varying from 10 to 15 feet in height, to be seen in all directions upon the skirts of the hills, the sepulchral monuments of the Lurish chiefs:

an interesting story attaches to one of tall graceful form and recent erection.—A chief from Pish-kûh was betrothed to the daughter of one of the Tushmâls (a master of a house); he came to celebrate his nuptials, but sickened upon the road, and died before he reached the encampment of his bride. The maiden raised this pillar to his memory, and, shaving her long tresses, hung them round the obelisk in token of her grief. Most of the pillars are thus decked with a coronal of woman's tresses, for it is a custom among the Lurish I'liyât, on the death of a chieftain, for all his female relations to cut off their hair, and hang their locks, woven into a funeral wreath, upon the tomb of their departed lord. A custom also prevails among the Lurish tribes, and indeed throughout Persia, of representing symbolically upon the gravestone, the sex, character, and occupation of the deceased; upon one tomb-stone, the following designs, all very rudely engraven, but sufficiently marked to denote their true signification. First—a chief, attended by a few followers, shooting a lion that has fastened on the haunches of a deer; secondly—hounds pursuing in full chase a herd of antelopes; thirdly—a falconer flying his hawk at

a partridge; fourthly—a company of horse-men armed as if for battle; fifthly—a band of women dancing the favourite dance chupi; and the elegy of glyphs (incisions cut by way of ornament) was closed by a ring, a rosary and a comb, toothed upon one side, such as is used by men in Persia; this last being the distinctive mark of the male sex; as the double-toothed comb is of the female.”*

New Books.

Emigration Fields. By Patrick Matthew.

(Concluded from page 191.)

Salubrity of the Air in New South Wales.

THE climate of New South Wales, and indeed of all the southern half of Australia, notwithstanding the great heat, is salubrious and suitable for Europeans, and especially in the more elevated country, and to the west of the Blue Mountains at Bathurst. Those born in the country,—the Australian British,—are generally of a good tall size, to which the plenty of animal food will no doubt conduce. But notwithstanding of the salubrity, the infirmities of age and wrinkles approach sooner than in Britain, the teeth also, according to Cunningham, decay at a very early period, which would augur some deficiency in the digestive functions. As in all new countries, even though a little warmer than the parent country, light-coloured hair is more frequent than in the parent country, the complexion is also inclining to a brick-red cast, without the rose-bloom cheek.

It is said that the births in the imported races, as well in man as the lower animals, are considerably more productive of females than of males, which some of the native writers, without attempting to point out the proximate cause, say is providential. The population has not increased (naturally), but has considerably diminished since the foundation of the colony,—the deaths greatly exceeding the births,—the increase of numbers being entirely owing to immigration. This, however, is not the fault of the climate; marriages are sufficiently prolific. The great predominance of males in the colony, and the condition of at least the one half of these (military or convicts without wives), accounts sufficiently for the defect. Perhaps no colony in the world has been so absurdly conducted as New South Wales. It is not long since the proportion of males to females was as ten to one, while there was still a greater disparity between the grown up of both sexes.

[In speaking of Tasmania, or Van Dieman's Land, the author says:]

The greater part of Tasmania is very thickly timbered with large tall trees (ever-

greens), some of them of extraordinary size. One is stated to have measured, when cut down, in length upwards of 150 feet of stem, clear of branches, and so thick that a common stage-coach could have been easily driven along the stem for this distance. The heavy nature of the forest, which covers nearly the whole face of the country, independent of the common agricultural work, causes the business of the Tasmanian husbandman to be attended with much hard labour, and the tenor of his life is as opposed as well may be to that of the lounging shepherd of Australia Felix, who has nought to do but “tend his flocks on green declivities,” and which must give rise to a very different condition of society in the neighbouring countries. The labour of the husbandman in Tasmania is, however, well compensated by the abundance and the greater security of the return. It is said that every fruit, and vegetable, and flower that thrives well in England, thrives better in Tasmania, while several, such as the grape, not productive in England, are very productive here. The clover and sown grasses, which are fully of as much consequence as fruits and flowers of any kind, are also grown in great perfection, and are very much superior to the native herbage in productiveness and nutritive power.

Some drawback to Tasmania as an emigration-field, in addition to its being a penal colony, is, that the greater portion of the good land, at least in the fine central basin, is already appropriated, and the new comers can only purchase at a comparative high rate, or have their location in the inferior part of the country. But the advantage resulting from a more condensed, mutually-assisting population, may over-balance the greater cost of the land.

In all the British emigration-fields, North America, the Cape, Australia, Tasmania, there is some drawback in the number of poisonous reptilia and insects. Children are not entirely safe playing in the brakes; no person can sit down upon a grassy seat, or recline on a flowery bed, without some dread of the deadly snake or the scorpion. Serious accidents are occurring at all these places from these pests; and owing to their great prolific powers, their extirpation cannot be effected, at least while the country remains uncleared. In Australia, a dog who is a snake-hunter (which some of them are) has a short life. The pigs are found to be the best extirpators, their thick skin either protects them, or the exterior layer of oily fat neutralises the poison, and they grub out from their lurking places, and devour the most venomous serpents with great alacrity. The great number of serpents are very destructive to the small singing birds, not only catching them on the perch, but devouring their nestlings, as well upon the trees as on

* Extracted from Major Rawlinson's Notes; in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London.

the ground; and as a provision for their protection, the birds who are not large enough to give battle, form pendulous nests attached to the tips of the branches where no snake can reach. It is, therefore, not probable that the sky-lark and linnet, and other beautiful songsters of Britain, can be successfully introduced into these serpent-abounding countries, as it is not likely they would adopt this provision for the security of their nestlings,—a loss, as the melody of the sky and grove of Britain is wanting there.

It is a curious fact that serpents are not found in New Zealand, and the melody of the grove at break of day is described to be altogether enchanting. Can it be that the birds of lengthened steady song are not so common in the serpent-abounding countries, because their note and melody attract these destroyers, while those which only give out sudden di-cordant sounds, as they leap from bough to bough, are comparatively safe?

[Chap. viii. to chap. xvi. treat entirely of New Zealand, full of interesting matter to the legislature as well as to the emigrant. We must suffice with the following remarks on

The Advantages of New Zealand.]

Estimating the advantages of position, extent, climate, fertility, adaptation for trade—all the causes which have tended to render Britain the emporium of the world, we can observe only one other spot on the earth equally, if not more favoured by nature, and that is New Zealand. Serrated with harbours, securely insulated, having a climate tempered by the surrounding ocean, of such extent and fertility as to support a population sufficiently numerous to defend its shores against any possible invading force, it, like Great Britain, also possesses a large neighbouring continent (Australia), from which it will draw resources, and to which it bears the relation of a rich homestead, with a vast extent of outfield pasturage. In these advantages, it equals Britain, while it is superior to Britain in having the weather-gage of an immense commercial field,—the innumerable rich islands of the Pacific,—the gold and silver producing countries of Western America (by far the richest in the precious metals of any of the world),—the vast accumulations of man in China and Japan,—all these lie within a few weeks' sail.

The south temperate zone, from the excess of ocean, has a much more equable temperature throughout the year than the north. New Zealand, considering its territorial extent, participates in this oceanic equality in an extraordinary degree, by reason of its insularity and oblong narrow figure, stretching across the course of the prevalent winds from lat. 34° to 48° south,—the most enviable of latitudes. On this account, it enjoys a finer, more temperate cli-

mate than any other region in the world; and, in consequence, the trees, from the principle of adaptation, are only biennially deciduous, and present, as well as the herbage, a never-failing verdure.

The small portion of New Zealand already under cultivation, yields, in luxuriant abundance and perfection, all the valuable fruits and grain of Europe; and stock of all descriptions fatten in this favoured region, at all seasons, upon the spontaneous produce of the wilderness. The climate is also the most favourable to the development of the human species, producing a race of natives of surpassing strength and energy. From the mountainous interior, the country is, in a wonderful degree, permeated by never-failing streams and rivers of the purest water, affording innumerable falls, suited to machinery, adjacent to the finest harbours. The forests abound in timber of gigantic size, peculiarly adapted for naval purposes and for house-building, and, from its mild workable quality, much more economically convertible and serviceable than the timber of any other country in the southern hemisphere; most of which, from extreme hardness, is almost unmanageable. Millions of acres, it is said, are covered with the famed New Zealand flax (the great value of which is now coming to be appreciated); and around the shores are the most valuable fisheries, from the mackerel to the whale; in the pursuit of which latter, many of our vessels resort, though at the other extremity of the earth. Combining all these natural internal advantages with the most favoured position for trade, New Zealand must ultimately reign the Maritime Queen of the South-eastern hemisphere.

Estimating the surpassing natural advantages in their peculiar adaptation to the energetic maritime British race, it is somewhat remarkable that no regular attempt has been made by Britain to colonize New Zealand. This must have arisen from the numbers and barbarous character of the native population; a population so small, however, reduced as it now is, as to be quite out of all proportion to the extent of territory, and which exists only around some of the sheltered bays of the coast, and in a few of the rich valleys of the interior.

According to Mr. Yate, and the other missionaries who have had the best means of estimating their numbers, the whole amount may be about 110,000. Another writer states: "The inhabitants, in fact, have not, in any sense of the word, taken possession of the country which they call their own. It is still the undivided domain of nature, and they are merely a handful of stragglers who wander about the outskirts." Thus, densely populated Britain, with the means of effectual relief, is allowed to remain

writhing under the preventive and destructive checks, while a region, the finest in the world,—a region which, beyond all others, can lay claim to the name of PARADISE, is lying an untenanted wilderness.

Songs and Ballads. By Samuel Lover.

(Continued from page 216.)

[SOME of the sweetest of Mr. Lover's songs are founded on the superstitions of his country—a beautiful effect from a state of the human mind in which the imagination exercises a more potent sway than the reason. The origin of many of these influential notions it is not very easy to trace, but in many there is such an inherent tenderness, and so intimate a connexion with all that is most estimable in feeling, that we cannot but view them as the dictates of unperverted reason veiled. We do not give the following as better than its companions; but it is not unworthy of them, and it will remind some of our readers of Cotton's fine verses on drinking healths.]

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

A four-leaved shamrock is of such rarity that it is supposed to endue the finder with magic power.

I'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock
In all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaves,
Oh how I'll weave my spells!
I would not waste my magic might
On diamond, pearl, or gold,
For treasure tires the weary sense,—
Such triumph is but cold;
But I would play the enchanter's part,
In casting bliss around,—
Oh not a tear nor aching heart,
Should in the world be found.
To worth I would give honour!—
I'd dry the mourner's tears,
And to the pallid lip recall
The smile of happier years;
And hearts that had been long estranged,
And friends that had grown cold,
Should meet again—like parted streams,
And mingle as of old!
Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part,
Thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear, nor aching heart,
Should in the world be found!
The heart that had been mourning
O'er vanished dreams of love,
Should see them all returning,—
Like Noah's faithful dove;
And Hope should launch her blessed bark
On Sorrow's dark'ning sea,
And misery's children have an ark,
And saved from sinking be;
Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part,
Thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear nor aching heart,
Should in the world be found.

[We would fain extract the genuine Irish love ditty, "Molly Carew," but it is too long for our present purpose: it is a matchless and most characteristic bit of genuine humour, and endurable distress. As we may even yet return to this delightful little volume, "Yes and No" shall suffice for this number.]

YES AND NO.

There are two little words that we use
Without thinking from whence they both came,
But if you will list to my muse,
The birth-place of each I will name:
The one came from Heaven to bless,
The other was sent from below;
What a sweet little angel is "Yes!"
What a demon-like dwarf is that "No!"
And "No," has a friend he can bid
To sit all his doings as well,
In the delicate arch it lies hid
That adorns the bright eye of the belle;
Beware of the shadowy FROWN
Which darkens her bright brow of snow,
As bent like a bow to strike down,
Her lip gives you death with a "No."
But "Yes" has a twin-sister sprite—
'Tis a SMILE you will easily guess,—
That sheds a more heavenly light
On the doings of dear little "Yes;"
Increasing the charm of the lip
That is going some lover to bless;
Oh sweet is the exquisite smile
That dimples and plays around "Yes."

THE NEW PLANTATIONS IN HYDE PARK.

IN Hyde Park, during the spring of 1838, an avenue of elm-trees, and a number of scattered single trees, were planted; and we have nothing to object to them, unless it be, that they would have made much more vigorous growths during the summer, had they been planted in the preceding autumn. When trees are planted in October, the roots begin growing immediately; and the tree, being established before winter, is ready to shoot out branches with the first approach of spring. A tree planted in spring, say in February or March, has the whole of its sap speedily put in motion; and, being thus forced to develop its buds, while its roots are not yet in a state to imbibe nourishment from the soil, its shoots are comparatively weak and inefficient. In autumn, when the top of the tree is in a dormant state, and when the temperature of the atmosphere is below that of the soil, the whole of the energies of the tree are directed to the formation of roots. In spring, on the contrary, when the temperature of the atmosphere is greater than that of the soil, the energies of the tree are directed to the development of the buds, in the form of leaves and shoots, while very little addition is made to the roots till the return of the sap after midsummer. Hence are deduced, from a knowledge of vegetable physiology, as well as from experience, the immense advantages of planting trees, and especially large trees, in autumn rather than in spring. Planting in mid-winter is scarcely, if at all, better than planting in spring; because both the roots and the top of the tree are then completely in a dormant state, and the soil much too cold to excite the roots into action.

In Hyde Park, a number of roundish or oval clumps, and some irregular and continuous belt-like masses, have been formed during the last year and present spring, which, in

our opinion, greatly disfigure the Park, and will do so more and more every year, as they advance in growth. This mode of planting appears to us like going back a hundred years, in point of taste; and, in point of practical knowledge, as supposing the soil and climate of Hyde Park to be similar to that of some bleak district in Derbyshire or Scotland. The trees in some of the clumps, though from 5 ft. to 10 ft. in height, are put in at the rate of from 3000 to 4000 plants per acre; and (which, we are sure, will astonish every planter, whether in the north or the south), on the north side of Hyde Park, in a plantation consisting of deciduous trees, many of them 15 ft. in height, made last spring, Scotch pines are planted throughout, not more than one foot in height! We must confess that we do not know anything, in the whole history of planting, on a par with this specimen. What can the Scotch pines possibly be intended for? They cannot be meant for nurses to plants more than ten times higher than themselves, and not more than 5 or 6 feet apart; and Scotch pines can never be intended for undergrowth. Relatively to the trees which are to remain, they, as well as the others which are to be thinned out, can only be regarded as weeds; which not only deprive the other trees of a great part of their nourishment, but exclude from them a considerable portion of the air and light which are essential to their growth. There never was a plantation less in want of shelter and protection than that to which we allude, east of the Victoria gate. Independently altogether of the excellence of the soil and climate, it is sheltered on the west by the high trees of Kensington Gardens, and on the north not only by a narrow strip of trees, of from 20 to 30 years' growth, close to it, but by a lofty range of buildings (Hyde Park Gardens) at 200 ft. distance. Shelter, however, is no more required for these trees than if they had been planted in St. Paul's Churchyard; and, as we shall hereafter show, it can only do them harm; indeed, it may be safely asserted, that in no part of the vale of London can any hardy forest tree require artificial shelter, at any period of its growth.

The main object of all these plantations can only be to produce ultimately a few single trees, with the exception of one mass at the Cumberland Gate, which, we have been informed, is intended to direct pedestrians along the newly-formed gravel-path there, leading across the Park. This object, we contend, might have been effected by single trees; or, supposing that this could not have been done, then we contend that the remedy is much worse than the disease. But why should not a few iron hurdles be sufficient for the object in view here, as it is in every gentleman's park, and as it is in Kensington Gardens? Of all the deformi-

ties in the way of new plantations put down in the Park, this, in our opinion, is decidedly the greatest. If it is suffered to remain, it will, in three or four years, completely spoil the view on entering the Park by the Cumberland Gate, by destroying all breadth of effect, by shutting out the whole of that fine expanse of turf which constitutes the middle distance, and by completely excluding the Surrey hills and other objects which now form the background. This is a subject that may be readily judged of by any person accustomed to sketch landscape, and those who doubt the validity of our opinion on this point have only to ask that of any landscape painter.

Supposing that the object of the other plantations is that of producing ultimately a few scattered trees and small groups, we contend that these may be produced much sooner, much more effectually, at much less expense, and with much less deformity in the meantime, by planting them at once where they are finally to remain, instead of surrounding them by other trees in masses or belts.—*Gardener's Magazine*, No. 108.

Fine Arts.

THE SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

(Second Notice.)

236. *The Aged Captive*. D. Cowper.—The sight of this pleasingly-painted melancholy picture forcibly brings to our memory Sterne's immortal description of the Captive, the horrors of imprisonment, and the blessings of liberty. In the specimen before us, the aged sufferer is seen seated, waiting with resignation for the time when he shall throw off his mortal coil, which seems not far distant, his countenance clearly indicating that life's fretful fever has nearly done its work, sharp misery having worn him to the bone. The light is judiciously thrown on the worn-out limbs of the captive; and his venerable head forms a fine study.—*Sold*.

223. *The Two Mills—Moonlight*. J. B. Crome.—A still, solemn scene; certainly a work of promise.

238. *Still Life*. G. Stevens.—A display of lobsters, wild rabbits, and shell fish: closely copied after nature; particularly the opened oyster in the fore-ground, which is almost reality itself.

127. *Niagara Fall*. J. Wilson.—A correct representation of this extraordinary and appalling wonder of nature. The surf is most particularly worthy of contemplation.

426. *Milking-time*. J. Wilson, jun.—A charming 'bit' of nature.

432. *Cattle. Evening*. E. Childe.—The attitudes and drawing of the cows, and indeed the *tout ensemble*, remind us of Cyp.

407. *The Christmas Present*. T. Clater.

—A pleasing heart-cheering interior of a cottage; wherein the kind welcome of the old dame contrasts well with the reserved behaviour of the daughter, yet anxious to hear all the messenger's news. It is one of those scenes which tend to make men happy.

489. *Coast View.* G. W. Butland.—A fresh breezy morning. We have seen even some of Backhuysen's works, wherein the waves were not more closely allied to nature.—*Sold.*

506. *A Philosopher at his Studies.* J. Spencer.—In the style of Rembrandt.

583. *Hollyhocks, from nature.* V. Bartholomew.—This production we think rather goes to disprove the remark made by foreign artists,—“As for flower-painting, English artists are not worthy to grind up the colours and prepare pallets of the French; and there is the truth:” but we do not exactly think it is the truth.

Our limited columns preclude us noticing many other works of the highest promise: all we can do, is to wish the society and the artists every success.

NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Antiquarian Discoveries.—The excavation that it was necessary to make in order to lay the foundation of the river embankment wall to the new houses of parliament, has been the means of bringing to light a great number of relics of antiquity which were dug up from time to time by the workmen as the excavation proceeded. The most remarkable feature of the discovery is the great number of daggers and swords, especially the former, that have been found, and which, from their variety of make and appearance, are evidently the collection of ages. They are of all shapes, sizes, and sorts of workmanship, from the richly-made hunting-knife or dirk, to the costly and highly-finished stiletto. There are no handles to any of them, which is easily accounted for, as that part being generally composed of a less durable material, has, consequently, long since decayed. Some of the blades are in high preservation, and a few, which are inlaid with gold, seem almost as perfect as when first wrought. The circumstance of so many weapons of this description being found in this locality is certainly somewhat singular, but, perhaps, the lords and commons in bygone days warred with the knife, instead of with words, as in the nineteenth century. The next singular discovery is a quantity of keys, which are of various sizes, and some of them of very curious workmanship. One key especially is a gigantic fellow, in excellent preservation, with curiously-formed wards, at the end of which is a dog's head, most admirably executed. His appearance put us strongly in mind of the

keys used in pantomimes. A variety of old coins, (principally copper,) together with two or three small Roman earthen pots, some fossils of an ordinary class, one or two cannon balls, and several human skulls, (the latter being remarkably large and thick;) these make up the collection, which is the property of Mr. Barry, the architect, who, previous to the excavation, made an agreement that all curiosities, &c. found, were to be given up to him. It is supposed, however, that that gentleman has not all the antiquities, the labourers having, no doubt, disposed of many.—*Herald, March 30, 1839.*

SUBTERRANEAN CHAPELS,

IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA CHIARA.

“I YESTERDAY,” says Lady Blessington, “witnessed an exhibition of an extraordinary nature, one to be seen only in a country like this, where superstition mingles in even the most sacred and solemn things. A community is formed at Naples, each member of which, during his life, subscribes an annual sum, in order that, after death, his remains should be deposited in one of certain vaults, the earth conveyed into which has the peculiar quality of preventing decomposition, and of preserving bodies as if dried by some chemical process. But the preservation of what was intended to decay, is not the only object of this institution, nor the only mode of applying its funds. The exposure, on a certain day of the year, of the frail wreck of mortality, thus strangely rescued from corruption, attired in the habiliments worn by the deceased when living, is secured by the subscription; the number of annual exhibitions being dependent on the amount of the sums received. Can anything more preposterous be imagined?—nothing, I am quite sure, more disgusting can be held. Three or four subterranean chapels, in the Church of Santa Chiara, divided only by partitions, are dedicated to this extraordinary exhibition, which presents one of the most ghastly scenes ever disclosed. All the sublimity of death disappears, when the poor remains of his victims are thus exposed; and instead of an appalling sight, they offer only so grotesque a one, that it is difficult to believe that the figures before one ever were instinct with life, or that they are not images formed of brown paper, or russia leather, dressed up to imitate humanity. The subterranean chapels are guarded by soldiers. The altars are arranged in the usual style of those in Catholic chapels; innumerable torches illuminate the place; and an abundance of flowers and religious emblems decorate it. Ranged around the walls, stand the deceased unhappily interred for the occasion, and clothed in dresses so little suited to their present ap-

pearance, that they render death still more hideous. Their bodies are supported round the waist by cords, concealed beneath the outward dress; but this partial support, while it precludes the corse from falling to the earth, does not prevent its assuming the most grotesque attitudes. Old and young, male and female, are here brought in juxtaposition. The octogenarian, with his white locks still flowing from his temples, stands next a boy of six years old, whose ringlets have been curled for the occasion, and whose embroidered shirt-collar, and jacket with well-polished buttons, indicate the pains bestowed on his toilette. Those ringlets twine round a face resembling nothing human, a sort of mask of discoloured leather, with fallen jaws and distended lips; and the embroidered collar leaves disclosed the shrunken dark brown chest, once fair and full, where, perhaps, a fond mother's lips often were impressed, but which now looks fearful, contrasted with the snowy texture of this bit of finery. This faded image of what was once a fair child, has tied to its skeleton fingers a top, probably the last gift of affection; the hand, fallen on one side, leans towards the next disinterred corpse, whose head also, no longer capable of maintaining a perpendicular position, is turned, as if to ogle a female figure, whose ghastly and withered brow, wreathed with roses, looks still more fearful from the contrast with their bright hue. Here the mature matron, her once voluminous person reduced to a sylph-like slightness, stands enveloped in the ample folds of the gaudy garb she wore in life. The youthful wife is attired in the delicate tinted drapery put on in happy days, to charm a husband's eye: the virgin wears the robe of pure white, leaving only her throat bare: and the young men are clothed in the holiday suits of which they were vain in life; some with riding-whips, and others with canes attached to their bony hands. A figure I shall never forget, was that of a young woman, who died on the day of her wedding. Robed in her bridal vest, with the chaplet of orange flowers still twined round her head, her hair fell in masses over her face and shadowy form, half veiling the discoloured hue of the visage and neck, and sweeping over her, as if to conceal the fearful triumph of death over beauty. Each figure had a large card placed on the wall above the places they occupied; on which was inscribed the names, date of their ages, and death, with some affectionate epigraph, written by surviving friends. It would be impossible to convey the impression produced by this scene: the glare of the torches falling on the hideous faces of the dead, who seemed to grin, as if in derision of the living, who were passing and repassing in groups around them. Not a single face among the ghastly crew presented

the solemn countenance we behold in the departed, during the first days of death; a countenance more touching and eloquent than life ever possessed: no, here every face, owing to the work of time, wore a grin that was appalling; and which, combined with the postures into which the bodies had fallen, presented a mixture of the horrible and the grotesque, never to be forgotten. Around several of the defunct, knelt friends, to whom in life they were dear, offering up prayers for the repose of their souls: while groups of persons, attracted merely by curiosity, sauntered through this motly assemblage of the deceased, pausing to comment on the appearance they presented."—*From Lady Blessington's "Idler in Italy."*

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

EVERY reader of the Bible must have observed the frequent recurrence of the number forty in the text, in cases where no material reason appears for preferring that number to another. Thus, at the flood, the rain fell forty days, and when the waters abated, Noah opened the window of the ark after forty days. Moses was forty days in the Mount; forty days without eating or drinking. Elijah travelled forty days from Beersheba to Mount Horeb. Jonah prophesied that Nineveh should be destroyed in forty days. Our Saviour was forty days in the Wilderness, and appeared on earth forty days after the resurrection. The Israelites lived forty years in the Wilderness; Ezekiel prophesied that Egypt should be desolated for forty years, &c. Now, it is a curious fact that the modern Arabs, Persians, and Turks, employ the word forty to express an indefinite number, in a manner analogous to the use of the term *dozen* or a *score* with us in familiar conversation. Chardin describes Erivan as standing between two rivers, one of which has an *Armenian* name, signifying *forty springs*. A rivulet in the Iroond, which has been the subject of much controversy, bears the Turkish name of Kirke Jos, or forty springs, though it has only sixteen or eighteen. Instances of this kind are innumerable. The Hebrew, it is well known, is a sister dialect of the Arabic, and from frequency of intercourse the Jews and Arabs must have had many idioms and forms of speech in common. Is it not probable, that the term alluded to may sometimes have the same value in the Hebrew Scriptures as among the modern Turks, Arabs, and Persians? Much light has been thrown on the text of the Bible in a thousand instances from the examination of oriental customs and idioms, and great additions, in fact, have been made from this source to the evidence we possess of the genuineness of the holy volume.

The Gatherer.

Celebrated Oaks.—The oldest oak in England is supposed to be the Parliament Oak (so called from the tradition of Edward I. holding a Parliament under its branches), in Clipstone-park, belonging to the Duke of Portland, this park being also the most ancient in the island: it was a park before the conquest, and was seized as such by the conqueror. The tree is supposed to be 1,500 years old. The tallest oak in England was the property of the same nobleman; it was called the "Duke's walking-stick," was higher than Westminster Abbey, and stood till of late years. The largest oak in England is called the Calthorpe Oak, Yorkshire; it measures 78 feet in circumference where the trunk meets the ground. The "Three-Shire Oak," at Worksop, was so called from covering parts of the counties of York, Nottingham, and Derby. It had the greatest expanse of any recorded in this island, dropping over 777 square yards. The most productive oak was that of Gelonos, in Monmouthshire, felled in 1810. Its bark brought 200*l.*, and its timber 670*l.* In the mansion of Tredegar-park, Monmouthshire, there is said to be a room 42 feet long and 27 feet broad, the floor and wainscoat of which were the produce of a single oak tree grown on the estate.

A curious and remarkably rare case of complete transposition of the organs of respiration, circulation, and digestion was recently witnessed at the School of Medicine at Nancy. On opening the body of a patient about 38 years of age, who died in the establishment of consumption, it was found that his heart was on the right side, and that the whole system of circulation corresponded with this extraordinary disposition; the lungs presenting but one lobe, instead of three on the right and two on the left; the liver being on the left, the spleen on the right, the cardia, or entrance of the stomach, on the right, and its lower orifice or pylorus, the duodenum and cæcum, on the left. — *Galignani-Masch*, 1839.

Remarkable Longevity.—In a small town in Massachusetts, containing less than 1,000 inhabitants, there are living almost within a stone's throw of each other, no less than 13 persons whose united ages amount to 1,071 years, making an average of 82 years to each person, the youngest 79, the oldest 92. For a series of years a very large proportion of the deaths in this town has been of persons whose ages averaged about 83 years. In one year there were 14 deaths in the town, and of these 11 were of persons whose ages averaged over 83 years.

A Curious Fact.—There is a pauper in Farringdon union work-house, named Mary Stanby, aged about 24 years, who has already

had 132 needles extracted from her person, the greatest number of which has been taken from the breast. It is conjectured by the medical officer that she must have *swallowed* the needles, but she positively denies having any knowledge of the circumstance. — *Reading Mercury*.

An apt Proposal.—A Gascon having been ordered for some offence to jump from a considerable height, showed great reluctance, and twice retreated when at the brink. The officer in command threatened him with a severer punishment, on which the Gascon abruptly addressing him, said, "I will lay you a wager you do not do it in four times."

The earliest herbal was printed for Peter Treveris, in Southwark, 1539—a thin folio: the next, printed by Jhon King, 1561: but there was a book called "The vertuose Boke of Distillation," by Jerom of Brunswick, containing a large herbal, printed by Laurence Andrew, 1527.

Remarkable Fatality.—The Rev. George Vance, died lately at Hampstead, by being thrown from his horse: the death of his father, (Dr. Vance, of Sackville-street,) was occasioned by being pushed down stairs by a lunatic; his brother was also killed at Oxford, by being thrown from a gig; and his sister fractured her skull, and ultimately died, in consequence of falling over the banisters in her father's house. — *Gentleman's Magazine*.

The first Greek musicians were gods; the second heroes; the third bards; the fourth beggars. — *Dr. Burney*.

Laughable Gravity.—The men in Persia have not the same gaiety as the French have: they discover none of that freedom of mind, that satisfied air, which are here [in Paris] found in all degrees and conditions of life. It is much worse in Turkey. There you may find families wherein from father to son no one has laughed since the foundation of the monarchy. — *Montesquieu*.

Wisdom of Candour.—A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. — *Pope*.
If any one can convince me of an error, I shall be very glad to change my opinion, for truth is my business; and right information hurts nobody. No: he that continues in ignorance and mistake, 'tis he that receives the mischief. — *Marcus Antoninus*.

Uncandid people forget that they are not judged by what they admit but what they do.

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